

Land For Sale

It happened in 1849, it happened in 1918, in fact it always happens at times when there is a need or an unusual opportunity. The affliction of which I speak is not partial to creed or social class. Even now members of the federal congress are incarcerated for such behaviour. The enigma of which I speak is that of unfair profiteering.

Now that Mill City is approaching one of the best opportunities of her history for a permanent and stable payroll the demanding responsibility for a better community rests upon the shoulders of every citizen. It is ours to give every opportunity to new industry.

Only recently a certain person, who owned a favorable tract of land remarked they were boosting the price because certain industries were looking for sites in the area.

It becomes obvious that any realization of community needs are not within their scope of thinking.

Such "land hysters" apparently are unable to see that any new industry in the canyon area will contribute to economic stabilization, making possible better schools, better homes, better facilities for youth, a better community for all.

Will the future of so many be ruined by so few? It must not be.

Who Is the Taxpayer

At this season when people are and will become more tax conscious than at any other time of the year it is perhaps worth a thanksgiving that the "hidden taxes" are hidden from the people who pay and pay. However, it would be to the advantage of the individual were he able to see through the tax smokescreen which the experts have laid down—designed to be painless in administration.

Robert S. Bird, in a factual article in the New York Herald-Tribune stated few people realized how deeply hidden taxes cut into their income. For instance, on a \$10,000 house it was found that no less than 639 hidden taxes were involved in the construction, development of site, and purchase financing. These taxes, Mr. Bird says, were collected by the federal and state governments from the architect, builder, banks, agents, insurance companies, contractor, manufacturers, jobbers and others.

Hidden taxes are not confined to big purchases like a house. The Tax Foundation found that 151 taxes applied to a loaf of bread. A woman's spring had carried 150 taxes. A man's suit came in for 116. A humble egg accounted for 100.

No one knows the actual total of hidden taxes. Estimates indicate they may run as high as \$700 per family per year. And, of course, they come on top of all direct taxes.

One tragedy of course is the fact that many of the taxes were designed to collect revenue from processors, manufacturers, retailers, etc. They have refused to accept the taxes as their share of government expense and have passed the burden on to the consumer.

What to do about the difficult problem is not easy to answer. Overlapping, outlived, and over proportioned taxes will demand a careful study. It is however, the citizens' duty to know and to be aroused.

MEHAMA

Frank White states that he has had the same telephone ring for 24 years, starting years ago in Colorado. Despite several moves his ring has remained the same.

Ladies Aid met at the home of Mrs. Inez Crook last week with a good attendance. Those present

were: Mrs. Luther Stout, Mrs. Chet Blum, Mrs. Ray Branch, Dr. and Mrs. David Ferguson, Mrs. Reed White, Mrs. Meral Teeters, Mrs. Moe, Mrs. M. Ridling, Mrs. Chis McDonald, Mrs. Violet Wallen, Mrs. John Allen, Mrs. Delbert Bailey, Mrs. Bob Draper. The regular business meeting was held followed by refreshments suggestive of Valentine's Day. Maraschino cherry cake with Valen-

tine frosting and jello topped with whipped cream.

A number of local men erected telephone poles and strung wire the past week to restore telephone service up the little North Fork road to Freres mill and across the river to Keith Phillips.

Four new wires run from Mehama to the end of the pavement where the line forks. All the repair work was done by volunteers as the line is a community project. There are approximately 12 families on each line now.

SCHOOL NOTES

Primary room under the direction of Mrs. Cook held a Valentine party Tuesday for the mothers and pre-school sisters and brothers. The upper room also had a valentine box. A short program was held Monday afternoon in observance of Lincoln's birthday.

The school recently conducted a March of Dimes drive netting \$9.83 in the primary room and \$6.55 in the upper grades.

Roxie McCarley lost her coat at school last week.

Edna Keys, small sister of Pat, visited at school Tuesday.

Mae Wall has been sick and lost several days at school the past week.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Butterflies, Beetles, Cyanide Make a 'Surprise' Vengeance

By BILLY ROSE

When Martin Quint, 71, married Ellie Reynolds, 34, their friends in Nyack didn't give the union much chance of success. Five years later, however, they were ready to admit they had been wrong—Ellie was doing a good job of taking care of Martin, and as for the old coot—well, he was a lot friendlier than anyone had ever thought possible.

On their fifth anniversary, Martin sent Ellie to New York on an errand, filled the parlor with gifts and paper curlicues, and invited a dozen neighbors in for a surprise party.

The plan was for a lookout at the railroad depot to phone when he saw Ellie get off the train, and then they would turn out the lights and hide. When Ellie walked in and turned them on a gain, everyone would yell, "Surprise!"

Well, what happened was a surprise, all right, but there was no yelling. As the front door opened, Quint and his guests heard Ellie whisper, "Sssh! He might be awake."

"I don't like this sneaking around," said the voice of a man. "Why don't you ask him for a divorce?"

"Think I'm crazy? He doesn't figure to live much longer, and I'm pretty sure to get the savings and insurance. Thanks for taking me home. See you Tuesday at the regular time."

Then Ellie closed the door and switched on the lights . . .

AFTER THE embarrassed guests had left, she said to her husband, "I suppose you want me to pack."

"Why should I?" said Martin. "It's only human nature for you to take up with someone nearer your own age."

"Don't you want a divorce?"

"Not unless you insist on it. All I ask is that you stop seeing the young man as long as I'm alive. If you'll agree and put it in writing, I'll fix it so you'll get every cent I've got."

And that's how it was arranged. An agreement was signed and locked in the wall safe, and the couple went on living together.

Of course, the neighbors gossiped a lot, particularly when it was whispered around that Ellie was still seeing the young man, but their talk seemed to make no impression on Martin. Instead, he busied himself with a new hobby—the study of insects—and spent most of his waking hours in a spare room over

the garage, mounting butterflies and beetles on small exhibit boards.

"I wouldn't mention this around," he told his wife. "As it is, people think I'm not quite all there."

One evening, just after Ellie had brought him the usual glass of warm milk, Martin began to have convulsions. Ellie phoned the doctor that her husband was having a heart attack, but by the time he arrived the old man was dead. The doctor examined the body, then called the coroner, and an hour later the corpse, together with the empty milk glass, was taken away.

EARLY the following morning, a detective rang Ellie's doorbell. "I have a warrant for your arrest," he said. "According to the coroner, your husband died of cyanide poisoning, and the drug-store in town reports that you bought a bottle of the stuff two weeks ago."

"That's right," said Ellie. "Martin used the cyanide to kill the insects he was studying. There are hundreds of specimens in the laboratory over the garage."

"I never heard of his being interested in bugs," said the detective. "Can I see this laboratory?"

Ellie led the way up the garage stairs and opened the door. There was nothing in the room but a few bits of junk and an old bicycle.

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to come along," said the detective. "You're the only person who figured to profit by Mr. Quint's death."

"I swear I didn't do it," said Ellie. "Both Martin and I knew he wouldn't live long, and we signed an agreement which explains everything. It's in his study."

She ran into the house, opened the wall safe and took out a brown envelope, but when she tore it open there was nothing inside but a piece of blank paper.

Blank, that is, except for one word penciled in a childish scrawl—"Surprise!"



Billy Rose

Editors Letter Box

Dear Mrs. S.L.C.

We have patronized this so called questionable environment since it first opened. We have never been in a nicer establishment for the Teenagers except the churches. We so far have found nothing questionable about it. Besides the boys and girls having a good time it keeps them off the streets in the evening. Also most of the people that come here have made no complaints about the environment.

Civic minded persons in this town have tried everything possible to get different types of organizations started in this community to no avail.

There also seems to be a certain group of people that have big ideas in their heads but do not want to help in any way but complain about us not having any organizations.

—J.F.H. and G.L.S.

Quality job printing at the Enterprise.

Merle Stewart returned home last week after receiving his discharge from the 64th A.A.A. Gun battalion. He spent several months in Japan. Before returning home he visited former Mill City people in San Francisco, among them were Gene Slater and mother, Mrs. Potter and Gene's sister, Virginia.

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